C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 230 07

VOLUME XLI. No. 43 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 26, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Carpet Mender.

'The worst of it is,' said Ambrose, 'folks never send their stuff to me till it's nigh past mending. But then,' he added proudly, 'I make it as good as new.'

We had to admit that he was right. Carpets so worn that it was a wonder they still held together, and so shabby that they seemed altogether past use, were, under his deft fingers, darned, patched, and remade until they looked quite presentable.

'I never came across the carpet yet that I couldn't make something of,' he remarked one day, as he threaded his needle. 'Bad as they may look, there's always some good in them.'

'The shabbier they are, the better I believe you like them, grandfather,' said a bright-eyed little maid.

Ambrose shook his head. 'I wouldn't go so far as that,' he replied. 'But I won't deny,' he added with a smile, 'that when a specially bad one comes along it gives me a certain amount of pleasure to make the best possible job of it.'

Lowly as his work might seem, Ambrose's heart was in it, and that fact made all the difference in the way he did it. He took a real pleasure in transforming the unsightly bundles into serviceable goods, fit to start on another lease of useful life.

There are other shabby things beside worn-out carpets. The lives of some men are so shabby—nay, so thoroughly bad—that they would be ashamed for their acquaintances to see them as they really are.

There is One, they know, whom they cannot deceive, but they try to forget all about Him. Many a man professes to believe that there is no God, not because he really believes it, but because the thought of an all-seeing God makes him uncomfortable.

God sees, however, how mean and pitiful our lives are, whether we remember Him or forget Him, and what He sees makes Him desire to make us better.

However bad men may be, God saw something in them which made Him think it worth while to send His Son to die for them. God sees not only the sin and shame, He sees what we might become under the influence of His Holy Spirit—the Finger of God, as our Lord calls Him (St. Luke xi., 20.)

We all need this making over afresh by the power of God. There is something imperfect about even our best qualities. 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,' and only the Divine Mender can make us what He meant us to be.

Bow down Thine ear and hear!
Open Thine eyes and see!
Our very love is shame,
And we must come to Thee
To make it of Thy grace
What Thou wouldst have it be.

—'People's Own Paper.'

LOWLY AS HIS WORK MIGHT SEEM, AMBROSE'S HEART WAS IN IT.

Magdalen.

(Annie Campbell Huestis, in the 'Independent.')

'Where are you going, weary feet,
Feet that have failed in storm and flood?'
'I go to find a flower sweet
I left, fresh growing, near a wood.
The winds blow pure from many a hill,
And hush to tender stillness there.
Shall not this restless heart be still,
And grow more innocent and fair?'
'Not so; for sin and bitter pain
Can never find Youth's flower again!'

'Where are you going, wistful face,
Face with the mark of shame and tears?'
'I go to find a quiet place
Where no one sees and no one hears.
The beauty and the silence there
Shall thrill me through and still my pain,
Shall touch my hardness into prayer,
And give me back my dreams again.'
'Not so; for Sin has closed the door
On Youth's fair dreams forevermore.'

Where are you going, heart of woe
Pitiful heart of fear and shame?'
'A strange and lonely way I go,
Where none shall pity, none shall blame.
Far with my sin and misery
I creep on doubtful feet, alone;
No human heart can follow me
To mark my tears or hear my moan.'
'Nay; but the never-ceasing sting,
The clearness of remembering!'

'What do you see, O changing face,
Alight with strange and tender gleams?'
'I near the hushed and holy place
Of One who gives me back my dreams.'
'Where are you daring, eager feet,
Feet that so wild a way have trod?'
O bitter world, no scorn I meet,
Sinful and hurt, I go to God!
On my dark sin, forevermore,
A sinless Hand has closed the door.'

The Snapping of the Thread.

At a recent ordination the young man who was to be admitted to the ministry related his religious experience, and told how his religious life, and with it his beginnings of preparation for the ministry, had their occasion in the breaking of some threads a dozen years ago.

He was an orphan lad, and had come up in a hard way, through a cheerless childhood nearly destitute of good influences. While still a boy he was employed in a weaving establishment. Although he was not really vicious, he was coarse and profane, and seemed quite unlikely to come to any good.

One day the looms he was running worked badly. The yarn contained a good deal of shoddy, and was so weak that it broke frequently. Every few minutes he had to stop a loom to join broken threads. The superintendent was an abusive man, and on his occasional rounds did little but curse because the work was proceeding so slowly. The boy's patience, also, diminished steadily, and his fear of the superintendent increased as he found himself making less and less progress.

At last it seemed as if almost every thread in the loom broke simultaneously. The boy had but one vent for his overstrained feelings. Before mending a single thread of the warp he uttered a succession of curses such as never before had passed his lips.

Then came the reaction. He had often used oaths before, but never such as these. A feeling of horror at his own profanity came over him with a flood of revulsion, and mingled with his disappointment. He burst into tears and dropped on the floor, sobbing.

The superintendent came up, but he did not swear as he usually did. There was a sort of tenderness in his voice as he said, 'Come, Billy, I'll help you tie 'em up.' Then as they worked together, he added, 'Billy, it ain't good for a little fellow like you to swear like that. I believe I'd give it up if I was you.' Then, after another interval, he asked, 'Do you ever go to Sunday school, or anywhere? They learn you there not to talk like that. I'd go, if I was you. I'm a little mite careless in my talk myself,—more'n I ought to be,—but I don't like to hear it in a boy.'

So Billy took a start toward better things. The Sunday school gave him new associations and new habits. Soon he was a canvasser of the factory for new pupils, and within two years he was teaching a class which he had gathered from the streets. He advanced in the factory, also, and as assistant superintendent there and in the Sunday school he had a marked influence for good.

At last he assumed temporary charge of an almost abandoned little mission in a forlorn part of the city, and gave simple talks on practical religious subjects.

So grew his work and influence till the time when it seemed best for him to give his life entirely to it; and the council called to ordain him heard abundant testimony to his fearlessness, sympathy and consecration. Into the new web he is weaving bright strands that will not easily break.—'Christian Age.'

Paying to Preach.

I used to see a dear old lady in the garb of a Quaker, says a well-known minister, very often in the church. One of the deacons said to me:

'Mrs. —— is a great friend of yours.'

'I am glad to hear it, I replied.

'Yes,' said the deacon, 'she said to me, "I love to hear your pastor preach, but I should like him so much better if he did not receive money for it."

'"But," said I, "he pays £800 a year for the privilege of preaching to us."

'"Does he, indeed? And how so?' asked the old lady.

'"Well, we were educated at the same time, we are about of an age, and I earn £1,000 a year at my profession, while he receives only £200."

'"I tell thee," said the dear old Quaker, "I shall always hear him hereafter with a great deal more pleasure." '—'Christian Age.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Pain and Peace.

It is often surprising to see how much pain there may be in the sensibility, and yet peace, in the depths of the mind. In crossing the Atlantic some years ago, we were overtaken by a gale of wind. Upon the deck the roar and confusion was terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the face with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of the waves howling and roaring and foaming was almost deafening. But when I stepped into the engine room everything was quiet. The mighty engine was moving with a quietness and stillness in striking contrast with the war without. It reminded me of the peace that reigns in the soul while storms and tempests are howling without.—C. J. Finney.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

His Mother's Version.

A Bible class teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellencies. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

'I think I prefer the King James' Version for my part,' he said; 'though, of course, the Revised is more scholarly.'

His friend smiled.

I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version,' he said.

'Your mother's?' cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. 'What do you mean, Fred?'

'I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives its full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties.'—Selected.

Shallow Christianity.

'To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.' Imperfect consciousness of forgiveness results in tepid love. That was a keen but loving dagger-thrust at Simon. It is the key to much shallow Christianity. Wherever there are types of Christian teaching which minimise the fact of sin, and make little of forgiveness and of the sacrifice by which it becomes ours, there are types of Christian life which lack fervor of love and radiance, of self-surrender, which, like Simon, dislike emotion, and do not understand the beautiful abandonment which forgiveness received occasions. And, whatever prominence may be given to sin and forgiveness in our creeds, if we do not habitually realise them in our minds and hearts, our religion will be cold, and of little force in shaping our characters or acts. To feel myself a debtor, bankrupt and penniless, and to feel that Christ has said to me, 'Thy sins are forgiven,' touches the depths of my being, and melts all its hardness into flowing streams of grateful love. When an iceberg floats down into temperate latitudes, sunshine and the warm ocean which laps it round change ice into sweet water, which blends with the all-encompassing sea that bears it up.—'British Weekly.'

Canadians Abroad.

ONLY A THREE WEEKS' MARGIN.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for after the next three weeks it will probably be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on Page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided four or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Little Bird Tells.

'Tis strange how little boys' mothers
  Can find out all that they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
  Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment,
  Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
  For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
  Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
  Or black as the king of crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven,
  Or as clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
  A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
  The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry, or sullen, or hateful,
  Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
  That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
  That little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
  Where nobody sees but a mouse,
You may be all alone in the cellar,
  You may be on the top of the house,
You may be in the dark and silence
  Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! wherever it happens,
  The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
  Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
  Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
  Be gentle and loving as well,
And then—you can laugh at the stories
  The little bird tells!

—Anon.

Elizabeth's Money System.

(Blanch Elizabeth Wade, in 'Youth's Companion.')

When Elizabeth was eight years old her father said to her, 'Now Elizabeth, your mamma and I think that you are old enough to learn something of the value of money; so instead of the ten cents you have been receiving each Saturday, and the pennies and five-cent pieces you have had nearly every time you have asked for them, we are going to raise your allowance to fifty cents a week.'

'Fifty cents, really?' said Elizabeth, excitedly. 'Do you really mean so much, papa?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Butler, 'but it is only on condition that you show yourself wise in the use of it. Fifty cents a week is not to mean fifty cents' worth of candy or of foolish toys. We want you to remember your Sunday school pennies, your mite-box, and your little needs, so far as possible. That means you are not to run to us for every new scrap of ribbon you want for your dollies, but you are to see if you cannot manage to save something for those little things you like to have so often. The best way to plan the spending of your money is to think it all out carefully after this fashion: Set aside so much for each of the things you know you will have to spend it for—as, for example, your Sunday school money. Then put that where, by mistake, you will not happen to get it to spend. Having counted out as much as you need for the things you are sure are necessary, you can tell how much you have left for the pleasures you wish to enjoy.'

When Elizabeth held her first fifty-cent piece in her hand she felt rich indeed. How large it was, and how much it would buy! She was quite sure she could make it last a long time, for she started out with the purpose of using this money as wisely as even businesslike papa could wish. She had also a pretty, new account-book with gilt edges, and a shiny red leather cover, and papa showed her how to put her receipts on one side, and her expenses on the opposite, and how to balance her account. He promised to look over her book any time she was puzzled, or wished to have him see it, and she wanted to have him proud of her bookkeeping, so she took great pains.

With such a fortune as fifty cents she thought she would like to give something of her own toward the offering at the morning service of the church, where she went with mamma and papa every Sunday. Papa had always given her five cents to put into the basin; but he and mamma belonged to the envelope system, which meant that each put a certain sum into an envelope for the basin each Sunday.

'A tenth of what I get ought to go to the church,' thought Elizabeth, 'and so I shall give five cents of my fifty.'

She asked papa and mamma if she might not join the envelope system, too, and they thought it a good thing, so Elizabeth was given a box of the small envelopes like theirs.

On the outside of the envelope was a verse which read: 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' This made Elizabeth think of a plan. On the first day of the week she would put five cents into the envelope. That would be before she had spent any of her Saturday's allowance. Then why, thought she, could not one have other envelopes or pockets for the rest of the money, too?

So she took a long, narrow strip of colored linen such as mamma had used in the making of a shoe bag, and upon the strip she laid another strip of the same size, and sewed them together at the ends and along the bottom. Then she counted off as many divisions as she wanted, and sewed in straight lines down these divisions, thus making a strip of little pockets. She bound the raw edges with tape, and tacked the strip to the wall of her room. She made little, square labels, and after lettering them, she pasted them on the pockets. The first one was the church pocket, and the label said, 'Church Money.' Elizabeth had papa change her fifty cents into small pieces of money, and into this first pocket went her first church envelope with a five-cent piece sealed inside. The second pocket read: 'Sunday School Money.' Into this went the Sunday School envelope with a penny sealed inside. The third envelope read, 'Mite-Box Money,' Into this went another penny. Then came labels of a different kind. One said, 'Christmas Money,' one 'Fourth of July Money,' one 'Candy Money,' one 'Toy Money,' and another 'Birthday-Present Money.'

Papa and mamma thought Elizabeth's plan a good one, and so carefully did she divide her fifty cents each week that her account-book showed a good record. If she did not spend quite so many pennies for candy and doll ribbons as before she did not miss these things, and the last I heard of the matter, her father and mother were thinking of raising her allowance the next year.

Being Good to Grandmother.

(Emma A. Lenier, in the 'Christian Intelligencer,')

'Be good to grandmother, Laura!' said Mrs. Nelson again as she waited for the cab.

'Why, to be sure I will, mamma! Who could be anything else to dear grandma, I wonder?'

'I know her general wants will be looked after by the maids, but it is the little attentions that she needs and that I always watch over, that I mean. I am glad it is vacation, or I could not go at all happily if you were not free to take my place. Now, dear, take good care of yourself, and of her. You better go right up and sit with her awhile; she will feel a bit forlorn at seeing me go.'

Sure enough, the little old lady stood with her face close to the window watching the departing cab, for the very old, like the very young, are disturbed and unhappy when a member of the family goes away; but she turned to meet a bright young face.

'Now, dearest, shall I do something for you? or just bring my work, and sit with you a while and visit.'

'Yes, do dearie; it's going to be a lonesome day, I'm afraid!'

But the forenoon passed very pleasantly—Laura busy with the soft pink wools, and grandmother talking in her sweet, quavering voice of the dear, good old times which she so fondly remembered, until Nora came up with her eleven o'clock cup of bouillon, and then she lay down for a nap.

Laura saw that the afghan was snugly tucked about her, and then giving her a kiss, tip-toed down the stairs.

'You are certainly your dear mother's own child!' said grandma the next day. 'You have been just as thoughtful and devoted as she is. Some way I do like a deal of waiting on these days; but I don't want to be a burden, either!'

'The idea, grandma!—you, a burden, when you're the charm of the house, the dearest, sweetest, preciousest bit of humanity possible!' and then they both laughed over the fond praise.

That afternoon two girl friends called for Laura to go shopping. The uncle of one of them had sent her Christmas money for an outfit, and she wanted help in selecting it. Laura at first felt obliged to decline the alluring pleasure, but grandma thought she ought to go out, for a while at least, and Nora promised faithfully to stay within sound of the little call-bell, and so with an easy mind she went out with her friends.

The shopping was very fascinating, and they went on from store to store farther down, and the time fairly flew before them. 'I must certainly go!' said Laura at last. 'I have been out too long now!'

'Not till you have had a treat,' insisted one of the girls. 'Did you think I would let you go without ice cream and cake, after all the help you've been to me? Indeed not! Come right in here, now!'

And another half hour sped away. Outside the short day had almost gone; the streets were glowing with lights, and people hurrying in all directions—just the time when a block is likely to occur on the busiest street car line. It was so in this instance; a fuse had blown out, and Laura was far back in one of the stalled cars; and when at last she reached home, it was really night, and she had been away from grandma nearly four hours!

Oh, what if she had needed her badly—if anything had happened—if she had been taken ill, or fallen! The sudden dread made Laura's hand shake so that she could hardly use her latch-key or open the street door, and the chill in the hall struck to her very heart.

She rushed up to grandma's room to find her huddled up on the lounge, with a pile of shawls and quilts over her.

'Oh, what is it, grandma? Are you sick?'

'No, dearie, only so—so cold! Nora's getting me a hot water bottle, and thinks the furnace fire is out. I was worried about you, too, fearing some accident.'

'No, dearest, only I stayed too long, and the car was blocked coming home, but dear me, the fire! Ellen always sees to that!' Nora came bristling in with the hot water.

'Shure, Miss Laura, an' Ellen's been sint for! Her own sister's husband has been took delerious with the fever, an' Ellen, she didn't wait to scurse git her hat on. She said she'd be back to-night anyhow; an' I niver once thought of the furnace, not bein' used to lookin' out for't; an'—an' I did but just step over next dure to tell Mollie—she bein' own cousin to Ellen's folks, an' nadin' to hear of their troubles; an' I didn't stay no time hardly at all; but when I got back I felt the house gittin' cold, an' the missus here, she got the chill in her bones like!'

'I'm a little warm now, Laura, dear; don't look so scared; but you're cold, too?'

But Laura was thoroughly scared—to

think that grandma, who was always kept like a hothouse flower and guarded from every sudden change in temperature, had been chilled like this; and had been left alone in the house, even for a short time. At first she was most indignant with the maids; both had grievously neglected their duties. Ellen had no right to go away so unceremoniously, or Nora to go over and gossip with her neighbors; but at last she said to herself honestly: 'I was to blame; I had no right to go with the girls, or going, to stay to shop; after a good walk I should have come home. I have plenty of freedom when mamma is home, and she depended on me to be caretaker in her place. Poor grandma! What if she should be ill?'

The gas radiator was hastily lighted, and then she and Nora went down to the furnace. A few live coals glowed feebly in the centre, and with the draughts open and a liberal feed of charcoal the furnace resumed its duty, and in an hour or so the heat was again diffused through the house, and grandma, warm and smiling, sat at her dainty little tea table and enjoyed her supper.

But Laura was not at ease. Grandma was old and fragile. What if she should have contracted rheumatism or pneumonia? Then, indeed, she could never forgive herself for that long absence; and how could she blame the maids over-much when she herself had not been trustworthy?

If anyone ever had a zealous and humble servant it was grandma that night, until from very excess of comfort and petting she fell sweetly asleep, like a little child.

But Laura could not sleep. She kept vigil with her conscience and her fears, and was glad when the night was over and the dear old lady was feeling as bright and well as usual.

And the granddaughter's untiring care did not relax until the mother came home two days later. Almost the first words were.

'And have you been good to grandma, Laura?'

'She is all right, mamma, and I have been good to her—nearly all the time.'

And then the whole little story, which fortunately had no disastrous sequel, was told.

So Much to do at Home.

(Mary Macklin, in the 'Evangelical Visitor.')

In the burning heat of an African sun,
One sultry Summer day,
I wearily walked at the hour of noon,
Almost wishing my work was done,
Till I thought of the love of my God's own Son
When he left his heavenly home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
There was work which must be done;
There were dying men to be visited,
And those who were mourning their buried dead,
Others whose hearts I could make glad
If I told of a heavenly home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
Souls were waiting for words of life,
Those who were longing to learn of heaven,
Those for whom Jesus his life had given.
I forgot all else. I had not even
The time to think of home.

Time—when in the early morning light
The entreaty rang, 'O come
Teach us of Christ,'—and late at night
The old, the young, were in my sight,
Multitudes asking for Gospel light;
Was there time to think of home?

That day passed by, like every day,
With its heat and weariness,
O we know how to ask for strength by the way!
Strength from the Lord but for one day—
'Give us this strength, O Lord, we pray,
Until thou shall take us home.'

On that day, from a region wild and lone
An African chief had come;
There the word of life had never gone,
And he prayed that he would send him one
To tell them of Christ, but there was none
To go to that heathen home.

My frame was weary, and deep my sleep
When the hour of rest came on;
I slept, but I only slept to weep,
To suffer anguish great and deep,
Like those who their watch with the dying keep;
And, sleeping, dreamed of home.

I dreamed that I stood on a distant hill,
And hundreds were thronging round,
Calling for teachers, calling until
They besought with tears, and urging still,
Both chiefs and people. They said, 'You will
Go for us to your distant Home.'

'In your happy land both joy and light
To all the people come;
They know no darkness of heathen night;
Many might come to bring us light,
Many to teach us of good and right.'
And, dreaming, I hastened Home.

The pain and weariness passed away
When I reached a Christian land;
I could not rest, I could not stay,
I cared not how far my journey lay;
I must find help, and, without delay,
Go back to my African home.

I stood in a temple large and wide,
Filled with the wise and good;
I told of our country beyond the tide
Told of the heathen on every side,
How they gather to us from far and wide;
I told of this at Home—

In that Christian land, and to Christian men
Who professed to love the Lord
Who died for them!—even God's dear Son—
Yet not only for them, but for heathen men;
Their answer was, 'It is true, but then
There's enough to do at Home.'

Next I stood where assembled, only, were
God's ministers great and wise;
I told of these voices that called from afar,
Of our strength worn out in our daily care,
And entreated, 'O come to our help—come there!'
But they answered calmly without a tear,
'There's enough to do at Home.'

Sharp agony then convulsed my frame
As I thought of going alone,
To tell the heathen, for whom I came,
They must die, not knowing of Jesus' name,
For Christians could not see their claim,
With 'so much to do at Home.'

Then I passed through that country near and far
Through cities and villages green;
I appealed to strong men to maidens fair,
To the young, to the old with whitened hair—
'O send! O come!' But all said, 'Not there;
There's enough to do at Home.'

'We give our money, and some there are
Who perchance might go away;
But what are you doing? How came you here?
There is work in our land both far and near;
'Tis not that we care not, not that we fear,
But—there's so much to do at home.

Deep agony then my soul o'erthrew
As I waked from that fearful dream
Waked. O so sadly—for well I knew
That, though but a dream, alas! 'tis true,
That none will come; all say, not the few,
'There's enough to do at Home.'

O say, can you wonder, in that far land,
At the words of those heathen men
With which my heart is ever pained?
At the stigma with which your names are stained?
They say you are 'selfish,' and can they be blamed,
Though 'there's much to do at Home?'

They say, 'In the home beyond the sea
The hearts must be hard and cold,
For they give us no light; how else can it be?
They enter Heaven—but, oh, not we
Who are here! We never that land shall see;
Only they have a Heavenly Home.'

Thus they long for truth and beg for light
In that heathen land who roam;
They have heard, mayhap, of a heaven bright,
But say you have closed its doors so tight
You have doomed them to darkness and endless night,
Because of the work at Home.

And, oh! when they in God's presence stand
With you, at that great day,
When every nation of every land
To judgment is called away,
Say, say, can you stand in God's presence then,
And remember that cry, 'O come!
We are dying—we know no Saviour's name!'
Can you plead the excuse, will it not be vain?
Will it weigh with God, though it did with men—
'There's enough to do at Home?'

JACK-KNIFE FREE.

A regular man's jack-knife—something any boy will be proud of—secured by selling only one dozen copies of 'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten Cents a copy, with a 10 cent coupon in each. Send us a postcard for the 12 copies. When sold remit $1.20 and get knife by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial,'
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Giving Presents in Japan.

The custom of giving presents is very prevalent in Japan, and some of the occasions as well as some of the presents are truly extraordinary. For instance, if one moves into a new house one must take presents to the house on either side and to the three houses opposite—in this case it sometimes takes the form of soap and towels. Also in the case of a fire one must take a present (as a rule a can of sugar), or at any rate leave one's card, at the house in which one has friends, and which are anywhere in the neighborhood of the fire.

The trouble is by no means over when a suitable gift is obtained. The next thing is to wrap it up in the right kind of paper. Any piece of paper that one may pick up will not do, but it must be white and of a certain texture, size, and shape; the parcel must then be fastened either by tying with red and white string, also prepared for the purpose, or stuck down with rice, and with the ends of the parcel left open. The names of the giver and receiver must now be written on; special places are allotted for each, and finally a 'noshi' must be fastened on. A 'noshi' is a square piece of colored paper from one and a half to three inches in length, and folded into the shape of the kites children at home fly. If a 'noshi' is not put on to a present it is a sign of ill-luck.

This much accomplished, the present is practically ready to be taken, but as it is considered indecent to carry anything about without being wrapped up in a 'furoshiki,' into a 'furoshiki' it must go. A 'furoshiki' is one of the indispensables of Japan, and consists of a square piece of material. They are made many sizes and of many different materials, and range from big cotton ones about four feet square, used by shop-keepers, etc., to small daintily covered ones of silk crepe for the use of ladies. Shop keepers rarely offer to wrap purchases in paper, as one is supposed to produce a furoshiki. Once a missionary who would not conform to the custom, was asked why he always

carried his books about naked. The present now tied up in a 'furoshiki,' one may set forth. Arriving at the house of the person he intends to favor, generally a lattice-work, sliding door, which is pushed back, and the visitor steps into a small, square, unfloored place which corresponds to our porch, and calls out in as musical a tone as possible somewhere about sharp C, or D. 'gomenna-sai!' Patter, patter come unslippered feet, and the lady of the house kneels down inside and pushes back the paper door. Surprised and delighted, ejaculations are uttered by her, followed by greetings, thanks and apologies, accompanied by many low bows. The caller does and says the same things, and then placing the present, still in its 'furoshiki,' on the floor, gently pushes it towards her, saying at the same time, 'Truly this is a very rough, rude present to offer you, but will you be so gracious as to accept it.' Then from the little lady sitting on the floor comes, Ma! ma! truly it is a great pity for you to trouble to bring me a present—'oki ni arongoto' (which literally means big thanks)—but how rude of me not to have asked you to come in. I do beg of you to enter.' After much pressing the visitor proceeds to remove his shoes, steps into the house, and immediately kneels down as near to the door as possible, make low bows, each time touching the floor with the head, and saying polite things. The hostess begs the friend to go into the wine room, which is done, but again one must kneel down close to the door, and only after a great deal of pressing venture to take a seat on one of the 'zabuton' (flat cushion) placed further into the room. Then small handless tea-cups, metal saucers and a teapot more fit for a doll's tea service, are produced, and a cup of pale green tea and several marvellous-looking cakes on a piece of paper are presented. Fortunately it is the custom in Japan to take the cakes away to eat at home, but after waiting until the tea is in a lukewarm condition, and after several urgent invitations to partake, one has to drink it. The hostess now takes the present, still wrapped up in its 'furoshiki,' into another room, takes off the 'furoshiki,' and into it puts another 'noshi' or a clean piece of folded white paper, and brings it back. 'Ma! Ma!' she says; 'Kirenia Roto' (what a beautiful thing;) it is good of you, and many, many thanks;' and more bows take place. By this time if you are not accustomed to sitting on the floor, the lower limbs are in a deep slumber, and the first opportunity is taken to say, 'Surely I have been a great nuisance and must now return,' at the same time getting off the 'zabuton,' folding it in two, and placing it behind you. The hostess implores you to stay, but as she insists she folds up the cakes and accompanies one to the door, where now bows and thanks take place on the floor. Finally the visitor gets into the shoes, and with parting bows and polite remarks comes away triumphant.

The most difficult thing in receiving a present is to remember to thank the various members of the family from whom the gift is received, individually, and to rethank the actual giver, so that if a daughter of a household has given a present the father, mother, grandparents, sisters and brothers have all to be thanked. It is brain-rending, if one has received several presents, to remember who has, and who has not been thanked. —'The Missionary.'

CAN ONLY HAVE ONE.

Subscribers to the 'Messenger' are entitled to one (and only one) annual subscription to 'The Canadian Pictorial' at the 35 cent rate, and that only in connection with their annual subscription to the 'Messenger.'

But they can organize a club of four other subscribers for two dollars instead of four dollars. If a year's subscription to 'The Canadian Pictorial' were presented to four friends as

CHRISTMAS OR
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,

it would give general and lasting satisfaction.

See large advertisement elsewhere.

'I Didn't Think.'

If all the troubles in the world
  Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
  From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly woe-working elf
  Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
  The elf 'I didn't think.'

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
  His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
  And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
  Or weld a broken link,
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
  All through 'I didn't think.'

When brain is comrade to the heart,
  And heart from soul draws grace,
I didn't think' will quick depart
  For lack of resting place.
If from that great unselfish stream,
  The Golden Rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
  To say, 'I didn't think.'

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

An Uncommon Common Fellow.

(John F. Cowan, in the 'C. E. World.')

'That ends it!' sighed Tom Nichols, his face as white as a sheet. The doctor's carriage had just driven away from the door, and his mother had met him half-way between the porch and the garden gate as he hastened toward the house to learn the result of his examination. 'O Tom,' she whispered with ashen lips; 'he says it's paralysis, and father may never be able to take another step as long as he lives.'

'But he will live?' Tom cried eagerly, seizing at the inference like a drowning man at a straw.

'Yes, years, I hope; but may be too helpless to raise his hand.'

Tom hung his hoe up on the top rail of the porch and went in. He just had to do something during the awful suspense of the doctor's examination, and had chopped with a vegeance at the woods in the garden. His father was sleeping; so he sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and dropped his face down upon his limp hands. Nor were his hands alone limp. The stiffening seemed to have been taken out of his whole being. The world seemed to reel and totter before him. It meant more than a paralyzed father. All his life plans and prospects were paralyzed. The nerve of his ambition was shattered.

Tom's father had been one of the most skilled and reliable engineers on the payrolls of the P., D., and I. Railway Company, until a train-wreck had left him a human wreck. He might have jumped and saved himself, and the company would not have blamed him, but he said, 'I'm servant of the public, not the company; and here's a chance to serve it with my life.' Both Tom's father and mother had begged so hard that he should not follow in his father's footsteps that the boy had stayed at home and worked a little farm which had been bought with the savings. His father, as soon as he was able to do so, had accepted the position offered him by the company as flagman at the crossing near by.

But Tom had said to himself a hundred times, 'I am not cut out for a plain farmer.' He had no affection for pigs and cows and corn and potatoes. But he did have an intense passion for flowers. He had studied all the books on floriculture on which he could lay his hands, and subscribed for one or two flower journels, and the brilliant display of variegated blossoms with which his pet flower-beds glorified his handiwork, made the doorway of their humble home the delight and wonder of astonished visitors, and its praises were sung for miles around.

Tom's hope had been that after another year his father could retire from the gateman's position, and, by the help of a younger brother, manage the farm, which would unshackle Tom from pigs and potatoes, and leave him free to go into a greenhouse. Then, one of these days, he was to start up a little business of his own near the city, and, throwing his soul into the culture of his idolized beauties, he would establish a reputation for his flowers. In his proudest flights of fancy he already saw himself the equal, of Vick, Ferry, or Henderson. 'How does that sound, Katie?' he would exclaim to his sister, '"Nichols, the florist?" 'I'll be at the top of the market. How shall you feel when your brother has made the family name a household word throughout the land?'

But now the bottom had dropped out of all his ambitious plans. As he talked matters over with his mother and friends and advisers of the family, there seemed to be but one thing for him to do. That was to ask the railroad company, out of consideration for the past faithful services of his father, to allow the son, who was now the chief support of the family, to succeed the father in the lowly duties and meagre compensation of gateman at the crossing. The little farm alone would not support them, and Tom must work near enough to home to help lift his helpless father night and morning. It was a bitter pill for Tom to swallow, but he gulped it down with the best grace he could command.

'What's that?' his sister Kate asked, as he took a letter from his pocket one day soon after being installed in the little gateman's hut.

'Only a notice that my subscription for 'The Floriculturist' has expired. It's good-by Flori. Dollars are too scarce to squander on you.'

'Indeed you sha'n't stop it,' almost snapped back Kate. 'I'll stop my music lessons.'

'It's you who sha'n't. What does a common gateman want of magazines? I might as well find my level, first as last, with the dagoes on the track.'

'For shame! what does a common gateman want of a sister who can play? You're to be an uncommon gateman, sir.'

'Only a gateman!' he sighed to himself, as, one frosty autumn morning, he prodded the fire in the little watchman's shanty, preparatory to making himself as comfortable as possible for the day. 'Only a gateman!' croaked solemnly in his ears as he lowered the creaking gates across the street, took down the red lanterns, put them away under the seat in the little 'dog-kennel,' as he called it, to wait for leisure time between trains to fill and clean them for the night man, who came on at six o'clock in the evening. 'All of a gatekeeper.' some one might have whispered to him. 'You keep lives and limbs, not gates only.' But Tom's ear would have been deaf to that just then.

The winter sufficed to make Tom quite familiar with his duties, and very monotonous and irksome did they become to him after the first few days' experience had worn away the novelty. Had it not been for his 'Floriculturist' and some new books he borrowed, there would have been nothing but to sit, sit, sit, mope, mope, over the cracked, smoking stove in the dismal little dog-kennel, now and then relieving the monotony of this interminable moping and brooding by going out to lower and raise the gates. He soon learned the time of all the trains so well that his work became almost automatic with him, and he wondered how in the world his father had endured it year in and year out. It brought him into closer touch with the now silent sufferer; and he realized something of the heroism of his father in doing this uncomplainingly, after the exciting life of an engineer. Had it not been for his magazine, books, and the plans for flower-gardens and lawns which he copied from them over and over again, until he know them by heart. Tom would have seen more blue days than he did: But sometimes he would push all these aside with a helpless sigh, demanding of himself: 'What's the use of all this? I'm to be only a gateman!' The rules of the company forbade him human companionship; so he was doomed to a life that sometimes seemed

little better than solitary confinement in prison. He was in prison when he allowed his spirit to be in bondage to his circumstances.

But Katie was a bird whose soarings none could cage. She was Tom's sympathetic confidante in all his despondings, and she could tell, the minute she heard his step, whether he had the 'blues' or the 'shines'; and she tried to get something extra nice for his spiritual and physical palates.

'Tom,' said she one day, as she brought him his noonday cold lunch and a cup of steaming coffee from the kitchen at home, 'you complain so much about this stuffy little place in the winter, I wonder what you'll do through the hot summer days, when the sun shines its scorching rays on you? I think I shall have to train some morning-glories over your window as a shade.'

'You needn't go to that trouble,' said Tom, 'for I sha'n't stay inside this den when the weather is warm.'

'Where will you sit then?'

'Why, I'll hunt the shady side of the hut, of course.'

'Then,' replied Katie. 'I'll plant the morning-glories anyway, so that you can look at them; they'll help to brighten things up a bit.'

After Katie had gone, Tom cast his eye over the little patch of ground beyond his shanty. It was on the bank of a creek, just at the end of a long covered waggon bridge. Between the railroad and the river-bank was a space of some ten or fifteen feet which had been made by filling in. It seemed good soil, for it had grown a wilderness of rank weeds the season before.

'Morning-glories,' Tom muttered to himself. 'Their brightening wouldn't amount to much, especially when a fellow was sitting with his back toward them, and the shanty between them and him. They aren't like Katie. She can brighten a fellow up blocks away. But there's quite a little bit of good ground here. Why not bring a few of my plants down, and knock together some flower beds? Why can't I do something to brighten up the old place, too?'

The very thought put new life into him. Before the first warm spring days came on, he had draughted on a sheet of wrapping-paper, which some one had dropped on the street, the plan of a flower-garden which was to occupy all the vacant space between the railroad tracks and the river. As soon as the season was sufficiently advanced, he began to put his plan into effect. People stopped and wondered what the fellow could mean by digging in that dust-heap. 'Paddy means to plant some potatoes,' laughed one. But soon the eyes of the regular passers-by began to trace design and beauty in the rich, loamy street-sweepings which had been dumped there to get rid of them,—stars and crescents and circles and parallelograms, neatly bordered with fresh green sod cut from an adjoining field, gradually assumed graceful shapes before their eyes. Day by day, as his leisure permitted and the warmth of the sun justified, these beds were filled with geraniums, fuchsias, verbenas, and other plants which had been wintered in the sitting-room windows at home. Then, as the first gentle spring showers came, and the seeds which had been planted also sprang up, the gateman's garden began to look like a bower of paradise, its beauty of tender green and brilliant hues enhanced by contrast with its dingy setting.

Pedestrians on the sidewalks stopped, gazed, admired, and wondered what business a fellow with so much taste for flowers, and such skill in arranging them, had filling the place of a common gatekeeper at a crossing.

'He is no common gatekeeper!' Katie had indignantly answered one of those whose remarks she overheard. 'My brother's hands tend gates, but in his heart he is a florist. His work may be common, but he's putting something uncommon into it.'

And as the trains paused at the little station just across the street, passengers glanced wonderingly from the car-windows, and noted the beauty of the floral designs, and the dainty freshness and artistic charm of the little fairyland which his taste and skill had evolved, as if by magic, out of a dumping-ground with its unsightly patch of rank weeds.

Every day, when Katie came to bring his lunch, she praised his workmanship unstintedly, and carried glowing reports of it home to her father and mother, until Tom began to take a great deal of pride in this creation of his brain and hands, and it in turn wrought as wonderful a change as he had wrought in the dirt-pile. The menial position of gateman at the crossing became less galling. He was gateman now only during the moments he was actually (raising and lowering the gates; he was gardener during the hours he worked with and watched over his precious flowers. 'Nichols, the florist,' as in his boyish dreams of old.

As spring was left behind, and midsummer with its parching heat came, the wonder of those grew who beheld the smiling, blooming Eden by the little gateman's hut. For weeks and weeks the clouds withheld their rain, and the fields and lawns became parched and dry. But the green grass of the sod-borders, and the bright flowers in the beds, lost not a white of their freshness. People could not understand why Tom's pansies should smile so saucily at them while others languished. The highways were ankle-keep in dust; the leaves upon the trees were coated with grime, and drooping; and the grass around was sere and dead; but this one little gem of nature, like a green oasis in the midst of Sahara, beamed forth every morning, as fresh and as smiling as if it had some secret league with the witches for preserving its youthful charms.

But the secret of it might have been easily guessed had any one noticed the little beaten footpath running down the steep bank to the river. Many an hour had Tom spent, with breaking back, notching those steps in the clay, and many a wearisome trip did he make down this steep pathway, toiling up again, with perspiration on his brow, and with short and quick breathings, laden with buckets of water for his beloved flowers to drink and bathe in. No petted belle of fashion ever had such lavish toilet facilities. There were hours of waiting between trains, when Tom could leave his post with safety. Even should a 'special' rush down upon him unexpectedly, he could drop his buckets and clamber up the bank in time to lower the gates. Cynical people said that he was a fool; there was no pay in it. But it was paying Tom big dividends, even if an unusual thing had not happened.

One day, after the drought had continued for over a month, a train made a stop at the station. The rear coach was an 'extra.' Its length and sumptuous appearance told Tom that it must be a private coach. On the enclosed rear platform sat several gentlemen, enjoying the cool draught which the swift motion of the train drew through the open door, and also, evidently, making observations of the road.

'Just look at that!' one of them exclaimed, as his eye took in the bright feature which Tom's skill and patience had added to the moving panorama. 'Did you ever see the like? A bang-up flower-garden at a one-horse railroad crossing! Did you order that, Smith?'

'It must have ordered itself,' answered the gentleman to whom the remark seemed to be addressed. 'By the way, who is the agent here? Do you recall, Jenkins? You have all the names of the company's pay-roll by heart.'

'Let me see,' said Jenkins meditatively. 'O, yes; Thompson. He ought to have sense enough to know that this station is not entitled to an appropriation for landscape-gardening.'

'He'll be taught by being a month's wages out of pocket for his blunder. I declare, though, Shaw, it's a regular beauty spot. Why, it refreshes one a dollar's worth just to look at it a day like this. Credit Thompson with a drawback of one dollar, Jenkins.'

'Beauty spot? I should say so!' enthusiastically replied Shaw. 'Why, we haven't a station on the line that has a more tasteful display of flowers. The way it smiles in the face of this drought would put some of our prize station-grounds to shame, with their hothouses and garden hose. But you're right; we can't afford to throw away money on this little crossing. Terrible mistake!'

The subject was dropped as the train sped away at a fifty-mile gait; but evidently the little 'beauty spot,' as the gentleman had called it, made a deep impression upon his mind. Next day the station-agent came across the street, and, with a comical look on his face, placed this telegram in Tom's hand:—

'Agent P., D., and I., Ry., Bridgeton Station, July 16, 1906.

Discontinue flower-bed at station. Must misunderstand rules. No bills allowed.

J. A. Smith,
Superintendent Stations and Grounds.'

'Rich joke, ain't it?' Thompson chuckled. 'Smith's afraid there'll be some greenhouse bills to pay. I'll cure the pain in his heart-strings.'

Pretty soon Thompson came back again, showing Tom his answer. It read:—

'To J. A. Smith, Superintendent S. and G., P., D., and I. Ry. Co., July 16, 1906.

No charge for flowers. Gateman's pets. Shall I root them up?

Thompson, Agent.'

'You needn't shake in your boots about his answer,' Thompson said to Tom. 'Nary answer. He'll feel too cheap.'

Not long after this there came to Tom what at first seemed to be the sorest trial of his life,—harder to bear even than when he had, at the stroke which had befallen his father, relinquished his hopes and ambitions concerning floriculture. Those had been only hopes, perhaps visionary and unrealizable ones; but this which came to him now was an opportunity, something tangible and practicable. It happened this way.

'Whose garden is that?' abruptly asked a man whom Tom had often noticed gazing admiringly as he passed by.

'Mine,' was the laconic answer.

'Well, how would you like to have a job in a greenhouse?' came the next inquiry. 'Judging from your garden, you are just the man I want.'

Tom sprang almost off his seat in eager response; but he as suddenly dropped down again, when he remembered there was no greenhouse near by, and barely controlled his feelings sufficiently to reply, 'I guess there's no use to talk about it.'

'Why?' queried the stranger. 'I could give you twice as much as you are getting here.'

'But I can't leave,' Tom answered shortly.

That seemed to settle the question, and so the man drove on.

Katie's quick eyes detected something wrong as soon as Tom opened the gate that night. She hurriedly poached him an egg, and dropped it on a slice of crisp, brown toast, humming 'Sweet Marie,' as she did so. But he pushed the dainty dish aside untasted. After supper his trouble all came out.

'How far away is the place?' Katie eagerly asked.

'What difference does that make? I didn't ask.'

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

Every boy aspires to a fountain pen. His vest pocket is made for one. Any wide-awake boy can secure one FREE by selling only ONE DOZEN AND A HALF copies of **"The Canadian Pictorial"** a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten cents a copy, with a ten cent coupon in each.

The pen we offer is a first-class article, full size, with a gold 14k nib—fine, medium or stub—compares favorably with any $2.00 fountain pen.

Send us a postal asking for the papers. When sold, remit us $1.50, and get your pen by return mail.

No risk about this! Show the large announcement to your friends and get them interested in advance, so that you know where to go the moment your papers reach you.

First number selling fast. DON'T MISS IT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for "The Canadian Pictorial,"
"Witness" Block, Montreal.

P. S.—If you wish to send cash with order, we of course mail premium by same mail as the papers.

'It might be possible. Maybe you could get the night turn at the crossing, and work in the greenhouse a part of each day.'

Tom jumped so eagerly at the idea that he upset his own chair, and almost knocked Katie over as he hugged her for joy. 'Why was I such a dunce as not to think of that? Of course McCafferty would jump at a chance to get the day turn. He's always complaining about the owl's life he leads. But,' he thought aloud further, 'even if the folks consented, what would become of my flower-beds? McCafferty wouldn't look at them, except to squirt tobacco juice their way.'

'I'll keep them just as nice as ever,' declared Katie, 'and I believe I can find out where that greenhouse is, too.'

She did; and it proved to be a new one only half a mile distant; so the arrangements were soon made for Tom to work there half of each day. Half a day was as much as the night men usually slept, anyway. But the question was suggested, after everything was joyfully arranged, would it be right for him to enter upon other employment while a servant of the company? Why must something always rise up to spoil his plans? He resented the interference bitterly, but the question would not down in that way. So he went to Thompson with it.

'None of the company's business,' was Thompson's offhand verdict, 'so long as you do your duty faithfully. I won't report you,' and I don't think any one else will be mean enough.'

'But we will report it ourselves, of course,' promptly decided Katie when he took the question to her, as he finally had to. 'We wouldn't be mean enough not to

'I don't believe any one else would, in my position,' argued Tom. 'Other fellows go fishing and to ball-games when they're off duty; why shouldn't I work in a greenhouse?'

'Because you're not a common fellow, you see,' insisted Katie. 'If father could speak, Tom, dear, you know what he would say. His life does speak, if his lips can't. He put faithfulness to his duty before a soft place to jump from his engine.'

That settled Tom, and a letter was written to the superintendent of the road and posted; and Tom lived in fear and trembling for a week.

His hand shook like a leaf when Thompson handed him a company envelope one morning; but he felt easier, though not entirely free from apprehension when he opened it and read: —

'Thomas Nichols, Bridgeton:

'There are no complaints against you. Unless you are reported for neglect of duty, we have nothing to do with your case. The company expects closest attention to duty.

J. Jones, Superintendent.'

One night after Tom had been at the greenhouse a year, and so apt a learner that Mr. Knowles, the owner, declared that his assistant knew almost as much as he did, a man appeared at the gate with an order to take Tom Nichols's place. It fell on Tom like a thunderbolt. He was to take the day turn to-morrow. It looked very threatening. He awoke in the morning with a load on him. It ushered in what promised to be one of his blue-as-a-whetstone days. But presently, remembering that Katie would soon make an appearance, he roused up and busied himself about the beds.

They were in glorious shape; but he put into effect some new ideas learned at the greenhouse, which gave a strikingly brilliant tone to their already fine showing. He was so bewitched himself that he hated to stop to lower the gates for the west-bound train. As he stood with his hand upon the crank, waiting, as was his custom, to hear the shrill signal in the engineer's cab for the train to pull out, so that he might raise the gates, the clatter of feet crossing the paved street attracted his attention, and the next moment he raised his eyes to see a well-dressed stranger, who accosted him. 'Ahem! Nichols, I believe.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Tom mechanically, wondering what could be wanted of him.

'I've just a minute to say a word; they are holding the train for me. My name is Smith, superintendent of stations and grounds for the company. You are to get a substitute here, and meet me at the general offices in the city to-morrow. Here's a pass.' The next moment the man waved his hand to the conductor, ascended the car-steps, and the train began to move swiftly out, leaving Tom in a semi-bewildered condition.

'Some one has complained,' he groaned. 'But, if they mean to dismiss me, why do they go to all this trouble?'

His heart smote him as he thought of the possibility of being thrown out of employment that kept him near his father. Even Katie's unfailing sunshine failed to brighten the little group at home that evening, and it was not in a very reassuring frame of mind that Tom boarded the train next morning for the city. His anxiety robbed him of the novel pleasure of riding for the first time in his life upon a free pass. Timidly he knocked at the door bearing the inscription upon the card which had been handed him. With beating heart he entered the office, and stood face to face with the gentleman who had spoken to him the day before.

'Good morning. Sit down,' was the curt greeting. 'Where did you learn so much about flower-gardening?'

'From books and floral journals,' was the timid answer; 'but I haven't neglected the ——'

'But you must have had some greenhouse experience?'

'Well, yes,' Tom reluctantly admitted, feeling that he was being driven to the wall. 'I've been spending part of the day in Mr. Knowles's greenhouse. You didn't say that you objected.'

'Like it better than gate-tending, eh?' with a smile that seemed cynical.

'Good-by to my job,' thought Tom in desperation. Then he answered aloud. 'It's the one ambition of my life. I had been studying and planning for years before the paralytic stroke came to father. I could be foreman at Knowles's if only father could get along without me; but I'd have to sleep there nights.'

'No, you couldn't,' was the astonishing rejoinder. 'You belong to us first. You're the very man we want. I was almost sure of that the moment I first saw your garden; and now my mind is made up. If you will accept the position of floriculturist for this company, you can begin right away to familiarize yourself with your work, and next month take full charge of the job. Your business will be to superintend the adornment of the stations lawns, and you'll have charge of the company's greenhouses. You can live anywhere on the line you choose.'

For a few moments Tom was too much confounded by this wonderful stroke of good fortune to remember the claims of politeness. But, as he went home, on another free pass, the train seemed to sail through the air, and he was sure his feet never touched the ground once between the station and his house. Thompson set him down as daft when he saw him rush to his flowers and kiss them.

'It's too wonderful to believe!' he exclaimed to Katie, after stammering out his story of good fortune and happiness.

'There isn't anything wonderful about it,' coolly declared Katie, 'only that it didn't happen sooner. I don't see how they could have helped wanting you for the place. I always told you that you were an uncommon gateman. And I should think the way you made your flowers advertise for a better position proves it.'

'Hush!' said Tom. 'I've an uncommon sister. That's the secret of it.'

BOYS! YOUR CHOICE!

1. A Boy's Nickel Watch.
2. A Full-size Jack Knife.
3. A Fountain Pen with Cold Nib.

Any of these may be secured by selling the great new Illustrated Monthly,

THE CANADIAN

PICTORIAL

No money needed in advance. You remit when you sell, and we send your premium. To see 'The Canadian Pictorial' is to want it. Read the special offers elsewhere, and make your choice, or earn them all, and welcome.

Let Yourself Go.

Old as I am, it was only last summer that I became able to float in the water. And after I had done it, it was as easy as lying in bed. Before I knew how, I had gone down like a log every time I attempted it. Sometimes it would be my feet, sometimes my head; sometimes the trouble would be in the water, which seemed too thin. In the course of my operations I swallowed enough of the Atlantic Ocean to produce low tide. And then, one fortunate moment, I got desperate, and said, 'Let yourself go! Let yourself go!' I took a big breath. I threw back my head, I flung my body out straight, and down I went as usual; and then—I slowly rose. Ah, slowly rose. Ah, the delicious sensation, to feel the water beneath me like a liquid swaying couch; to lie out there upon it drifting and bending as I chose; to allow myself to be tossed by the waves, and to feel myself at one with the sea! And to think that it was so easy, after all!

This is the way with the life of faith. We see others living in perfect peace, and we long for their peace. We theorize about it, but our theories don't seem to work out. We say that we will trust ourselves to God, and the first wave of worry knocks us over. We remind ourselves how firm and constant is God's love, and persuade ourselves that it will uphold us in any trouble, and then down into that sea of trouble we go again. And so we flounder on. But some day we really do what we have been thinking about and talking about; we really give ourselves up to God; we really feel underneath us the everlasting arms; we lie down in the bosom of the Almighty. And it is so easy! We never can forget it. We are filled with wonder that we found it so hard, and that we blundered at it so long. All we needed to do was to let ourselves go—to give up; and that we have done at last.—Amos R. Wells.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

At First

Only the ten cent trial subscriptions reached us for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' People did not know exactly what it was, but in the words of one person, 'ten cents was not much to risk,' and thousands have risked that amount to see what the 'Pictorial' was like—and not one of them disappointed.

But Now

We notice with interest that the trial subscriptions are giving place to annual subscriptions. The 'Canadian Pictorial' has entered thousands of communities throughout Canada, and wherever it goes it is proudly shown to admiring friends, and it is from these very districts that the annual subscriptions are coming. No sooner seen than wanted. No sooner wanted than subscribed for.

No Risk

In sending the annual subscription, because if after a subscriber has taken the 'Canadian Pictorial' for a time, he prefers his money back, the unexpired portion will be cheerfully and promptly returned.

Subscription price: One dollar to end of 1907. On trial to end of 1906 for ten cents, on 'Messenger' coupon, 'Canadian Pictorial' and 'Northern Messenger,' 75 cents for twelve months.

THE 'PICTORIAL' PUBLISHING CO.,
142 St. Peter street.

or, John Dougall and Son, Agents,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

What the Lilies Saw.

They grew on the edge of the level lawn, the tall, waxen-white lilies, grandmother's especial delight and pride. And when the first one opened its golden heart in the warm summer sunshine, and, swaying on its graceful stem, looked around at the beautiful green world which it had come to gladden, almost the first thing it saw was a little girl coming daintily over the lawn.

A dear little girl as even the lily knew. Her yellow curls were tied with a bow of white ribbon, her lips were smiling, her face rosy and dimpled, and her dress was almost as fresh and white as the lily's own. In her arms she carried a doll, a blue silk hat tilted over its eyes of wide-open blue; but when she saw the blossomed lily she dropped the doll on the grass and ran toward it. For every day since the buds began to show she had been watching and waiting for them to bloom.

'Oh, you darling lily,' she cried; 'how lovely and how sweet you are. Yes, and here is another and another beginning to open,' and one by one she touched them softly with the tip of her finger. 'I guess one reason I love you so,' she chattered on, as if there was no question of their understanding her, 'is because there's a Lily in my name, too—Elsie Lillian—though nobody but grandma seems to remember it. But then I can never be a real lily like you,' and she sighed a little wistfully. 'And you are not only beautiful, but grandma says what you say to us is, 'Be good, be pure, be sweet.' I'm afraid it would be dreadful hard to be that all the time, but I'm going to try and remember every time I look at you.'

Then a whistle sounded, and around the big lilac bush came a boy two or three years older than Elsie, with a big brown puppy jumping and barking around him. 'O Clyde,' Elsie called, 'the lilies are blossoming; come and see them.' But almost as she spoke the big puppy caught sight of the doll she had left lying on the grass, and with a bark, as if to say, 'What a fine plaything this is,' he gave a bound and caught it in his teeth.

Elsie sprang forward, but too late. 'Take her away from him,' she ordered, 'quick!'

But Clyde was laughing at the wildly swaying arms and legs as the puppy shook the doll from side to side. 'That's right, Rover,' he shouted; 'shake her, shake her well.'

Elsie's eyes flashed, and to have heard her tone you would never have dreamed there was a lily in her name. 'Clyde Grey, you're a mean, horrid boy, and I hate you and your old dog both.' With that she made another dash at Rover, but he was off like a flash, the doll still in his mouth, Clyde laughing and running after him.

Elsie turned back, her chubby hands tightly shut, her breath coming hard and quick; then, as her eyes fell on the lilies, she stopped short. 'I forgot. I wasn't good or sweet, but—but I will try.' Very still she sat, her gaze on the blossoms, her face showing the struggle in her heart.

By and by Clyde came out of the shrubbery. 'Here's your doll,' and he threw a little heap in her lap. 'I should think you'd know better than to leave it around, when you know Rover grabs everything he finds.'

Elsie took the doll in her arms; her hat was gone, her dress torn, one arm dangled loose, and the print of the dog's teeth showed plain and deep on her waxen cheek. As she noted all this the color flamed to Elsie's face, and she kept her lips tight shut for a minute, and when she did speak all she said was, 'Poor dolly, I'm so sorry.'

Clyde had expected she would cry and storm, and had braced himself for both; now as he walked slowly away he decided that he would have felt more comfortable if she had.

The next morning Clyde was running the lawn-mower over the lawn when Elsie came running out. 'Clyde, do you know somebody's been an' stealed all the money out of your little bank on the dresser? Grandma sent me in to dust, and

when I took it up it didn't shake at all.'

'Maybe it's too full to shake,' said Clyde.

'No, it isn't; for the last time I lifted it the box was real heavy, an' now it's as light as light. It will be too bad if somebody has stealed your money, when you was saving it for a new baseball and bat.'

Clyde was so busy pushing the lawn-mower that he only had time to answer, 'Well, I'll see about it.'

That afternoon Elsie was out again admiring lilies when she saw her brother with something in his hand. 'Grandma told me to bring this out to you,' and he handed her a long white box.

'A box for me? Why, it isn't my birthday.'

'It says 'Elsie Lillian Grey,' so I guess it's for you.'

With that Elsie lifted off the cover of the box, and the sheet of white paper tucked under it. 'Oh, oh!' and she gave a little cry of delight, for there lay a beautiful new doll, her flaxen hair curling about the pinkest of cheeks, and her white silk dress lace trimmed. 'Look, Clyde, will you?'

Clyde was already down on his knees looking at the doll, and now he asked, 'Is it as pretty as the old one?'

Elsie gave a little gasp. 'You bought her for me; and that's where the money in your bank went.'

'Well, you see,' explained Clyde, 'I was to blame for Rover spoiling your other one, though I never thought of his doing it, and then when you didn't get mad, why, I felt pretty mean. I'm glad if you like this.'

Elsie reached up and put her arms around his neck. 'She's a darling; and you're just the dearest brother in all the world; and it was all the lilies did it.'

Clyde didn't understand, but the lilies nodded as if they did.—'The Child's Hour.'

The Four Leaf Clover.

'One is for hope and one is for faith
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for love,
If you search, you will find where they grow.'

—'Farming World.'

Rules For Dolls.

'A wooden headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's, lest she should hurt her.

'A wax doll should avoid fire, if she wishes to preserve her complexion.

'Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

'It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out upon the floor, so people may tread on them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline.

Madge was reading these rules to her dolly, with a very sober face. Then she laughed.

'Dolly,' she said, 'it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you.'—'Sunday School Advocate.'

A Little Runaway.

Ethel Royal ran away from home one day, and her mamma searched for her several squares up and down Third street before she found her. She had been playing all the time with Tottie. The innocence of the child subdued the mother's excitement of the lost lamb. But she was quite sensible of her duty to punish the child in some way, in order to improve the little one's sense of right and duty. She told her how God looked on her wicked act, and shut Ethel alone in the room. After a time the child was heard to pray aloud to God. In her trustful, confiding way she asked him to keep her from running away, and had the sweet faith that he would do it because she had asked him to do it. When her mother asked her, 'What about it, Ethel?' she answered:

'I think now you can let me out, mamma, for God's going to keep me from running away.'

But she ran away again in a day or two afterward. Her mamma asked her:

'Why did you run away again, Ethel? You asked God to keep you from running away.'

'Don't know why he didn't do it—I asked him,' she said. She looked her mamma, child-like, in the eyes, and kissed her with artless love. But her mamma had no arm around her.

'But, Ethel, when you ask God to help you, you must do a little something to help, too. He expects you to help him keep you at home.'

Then her mamma shut her up alone again, and the child prayed God to keep her from running away. When her mother asked her whether she could give her liberty again, Ethel said:

'Yes; now I'll be good, and God will keep me; and I will help him this time.'

She never ran away again.—'S.S. Messenger.'

The Aged Dandelions.

One day when Susie was in the park with her mother she saw a man with very white hair.

'Why is his hair so white?' she asked.

'He has had a great deal of trouble, poor man,' answered her mother, for she knew the gentleman well. 'That may have something to do with it.'

Susie did not say anything, but looked very serious for a few moments. Then she left her mother, who seated herself on a bench to read, and ran to play with some little friends. It was a beautiful warm spring day, and the grass was covered with dandelions. Susie and her friends had great fun picking them and making long chains with the stems. She thought they were very beautiful, and picked a large bunch, which she carried home.

A few days after she was again in the park with her mother, and was surprised to see that most of the beautiful dandelions had turned white. She picked one or two and carried them to her mother.

'Is it because they have had a great deal of trouble that their heads have turned white?' she asked.

Her mother laughed, and kissing, the grave little face turned up to hers, said she did not know.—'Ram's Horn.'

THAT small things make the great things
Is true as true can be;
'Tis just a lot of little drops
That make the great blue sea!

Correspondence

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading the letters in the 'Messenger' from other little girls, and often wish they would tell more about the customs and the climate of their country, which would make the letter more interesting.

Our home is about four miles from the prosperous young city of Peterborough. I say young city, because it is only a little over a year since it was made a city. But it is growing very fast, and there are a great many residences and manufacturing buildings going up all the time.

There are a great many large manufacturing buildings now. There is the great Quaker Oats building, where they make Quaker Oats and flour, and the Peterborough Cereal, where they make the Canada flakes, and the great electric works, and the Cordage building, where they manufacture all kinds of twine, and the piano factories, and a great many others.

Along the east side of the city runs the Trent Valley Canal, on which is situated the great hydraulic lift lock, an attraction of the continent.

Our home is situated on a high rise of ground. From it we can see over the city. Just a short distance in front of our place we can see the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Grand Trunk Railway, and a little to the east we can see the boats on the beautiful Otonabee River.

In our orchard we grow apples, pears, plums, cherries, and in our garden raspberries and strawberries, and a great many different kinds of vegetables. On the farm we grow wheat, barley, peas, oats, hay, rye, and buckwheat.

We keep seven cows, and send the cream to the Peterborough Creamery, where it is made into butter. We have four horses.

I have two sisters and one brother, all older than myself. I go about a mile and a half to school, and am in the Senior Fourth Book. My sister passed the Entrance this year, and I am going to try next year.

In the winter the weather is very cold, and the snow very deep. We have great fun in the winter, sleigh riding and skating, and making snow men.

There are lots of wild flowers around here in the spring time, and we have lots of fun picking them. And in the summer there are lots of wild berries. In the fall, nuts, such as beech nuts and butter nuts, hazel nuts and hickory nuts.

MARY H.

[Glad you are so proud of your home, young patriot.—Ed.]

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old, and have read so many nice letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I go to school every day, and am in the junior third class. My teacher's name is Miss R. I have two sisters, one older than myself, and one younger. I just have one brother. We live in a pretty village where hundreds of campers come in summer. There is a mill and a store in it.

KATE RUTHERFORD.

F., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy 9 years old. My birthday is the 11th of May. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we like to read it very much. I go to school and am in the second reader. I have about half a mile to walk. Our teacher's name is Miss P. A year ago I went on a visit to Ticonderoga, N.Y. I was gone a month. I had some nice boat rides with my cousin on Lake George. I have one brother; his name is Tommy; he is 11 years old. I have no sisters.

GEORGE G. GOWDEY.

D., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have three sisters, and no brothers. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for a short time, and like it very much. The answer to Blanch Duck's puzzle is an egg, and when hatched for three weeks it turns into a chicken.

BERTHA AFFLECK.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father keeps the Post Office here. I am in the Fourth Book, and have two brothers and two sisters. Donald is six years old, and my little baby brother's name is Robert; he is three months old. My little sister is three years old, Evelyn is ten, and I am twelve. The answer to John Sherringham's riddle is a 'thimble.'

What goes through the bush, and through the bush, and leaves a cap on every stump?

DORIS McPHAIL.

[Your two other riddles have been asked, Doris.—Ed.]

B., Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—As it is not very often I see a letter from B., I thought it would be nice to write one. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for quite a number of years, and I think it a very nice paper. The story of 'St. Cecilia of the Court,' and the correspondence are very interesting. We are always anxious for the mail to get in to get the 'Messenger.' I go to school, and am in the fifth reader. My studies are geography, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, etc. There are about 55 scholars attending school. They are trying to make improvements in the church by building a tower to put the bell in. They say it will make quite a little improvement. I see quite a few riddles in the 'Messenger,' so I will send some, too. Why need a schoolmaster whose scholars are leaving him never fear losing them all?

What table has not a leg to stand on?

How many sides has a pitcher?

CHARLIE VICTOR CURTIS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Sparrow.' Katherine F. Dow, (aged 8), M., N.S.
2. 'St. John Bridge, N.B.' Archie Brien.
3. 'Going to School in Winter.' Mabel Long, N., Alta.
4. 'Baseball.' Mary L. Roi, A., P. Q.
5. 'Bunch of grapes.' Rosebud (aged 9), W., Ont.
6. 'Nancy.' Hazel Le Gallais (aged 13), P. W., P.Q.
7. 'Our Turkey.' M. R. A. (aged 11), B.C.
8. 'Playtime.' N. Wylie, P., Ont.
9. 'Alarm clock.' Gilchrist D. Allan, C., N.B.
10. 'A Dutch Baby.' Laura Brown (aged 10), O. S., Ont
11. 'Adrift.' Iza M. Crosby (aged 11), Y., N.S.
12. 'The Wee Tot.' Willa C., H., Ont.
13. 'A Pear.' Lily (aged 11), W., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

In answer to 'A Subscriber, E. R.,' who writes from N.B.—The contributions mentioned were acknowledged in the 'Witness' of June 30th. We shall be glad to reprint the piece suggested, if possible.

Bessie A. Douglas, I., N.B., answers four of the riddles correctly, and asks 'How many circles has the moon?'

Vera Nairn writes from W., Ont., answering one riddle correctly, and asking one that has, however, been already asked.

Woodruff Lowrey, S.D., Ont., writes a short letter telling about his home.

Aggie Moir, A., Ont., sends in several riddles, some of them already asked, but these are new: 1. Why is an old tooth like a town lot? 2. Why is a lady not like a mouse?

It really seems that there is a good deal of difference between them, Aggie, but we shall be glad to hear what others may think the special point.

Willie B., B., Ont., sends his letter on the back of his drawing. Too bad, but only one could possibly go in in that case, Will.

Elsie Campbell, E., Que., if she were not such a young lady, might be called an old family friend, for she says that her mother and grandfather have been taking the 'Witness' for forty years.

Bertha McKeracher, G. V., Ont., is a very fortunate girl, for she has eight sisters and four brothers. 'The more, the merrier,' is a good saying, and it's fine to be one of a big family.

Here's another Bertha, Bertha Nisbet, also from Ont., and she can't boast of even one sister, although she has two brothers.

SPECIAL
Year-End
PREMIUM

FOR only THREE NEW Subscriptions to the "Northern Messenger" at our special rate of 10 cents each to Jan 1, 1907, we will send, postpaid, A beautifully colored

Maple Leaf Brooch,

in hard Enamel.

Actual Size

See year-end offer on another page.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness Block', Montreal.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 4, 1906.

The Lord's Supper.

Matt. xxvi., 17-30.

Golden Text.

This do in remembrance of me.—I. Cor. xi., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 29.—Matt. xxvi., 17-30.
Tuesday, October 30.—I. Cor. x., 16-23.
Wednesday, October 31.—I. Cor. xi., 20-34.
Thursday, November 1.—John xiii., 1-20.
Friday, November 2.—Luke xxii., 7-23.
Saturday, November 3.—Luke xxii., 24-38.
Sunday, November 4.—Mark xiv., 12-25.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

All the singing pilgrim caravans had come to a halt with the high grace-note of the last 'song of degrees,' 'Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!' Green booths and snowy tents dotted all the valleys and slopes around the city, and three million worshippers made ready for the morrow. Over two hundred thousand lambs had been purchased and marked for sacrifice, and all the details of the joyous festival were being attended to.

Jesus tarried yet in the sweet and restful seclusion of Bethany; but His disciples knew very well that He who had said, 'Thus it becometh Me to fulfil all righteousness,' would not ignore the great Pascha. The question was not if He would eat it, but where He would do so. Two of the disciples are at once commissioned to make the necessary preparations. They are sent with sealed orders, no doubt, to keep the traitor off their track. Not one of the remaining ten could possibly divine the place until they arrived there in the evening. A man doing a woman's work (carrying water) would be novelty enough to serve them as a sign. Jesus bade the messengers to ask for a lowly place in some hallway. He will fain make the circuit. As He spent His first night on earth in 'a lodging' so He would fain spend His last one. He knows beforehand, however, that His nameless but well-to-do-disciple, John Mark's father, perhaps, will give Him the best his stately manor affords.

The disciples are off at once upon their errand. They find it as Jesus had said. The proprietor of the house gladly places at their disposal a spacious room, capable of holding a hundred or more. But they will not be asked to share it with other paschal parties. They shall have it in completest privacy. It is in the second story, which will add to their seclusion. Its walls have been freshly whitened, and tile-floor scoured for this very occasion. The low, gaily-painted table is already in position, with the couches forming three sides of a hollow square about it. The hanging-lamps, dishes, basins, and water-jars, all are in position. The disciples view the place with grateful satisfaction, and then hurry out to make the necessary purchases—the wine, and cakes of unleavened bread; the vinegar, salt and bitter herbs; the nuts, raisins, apples, and almonds to make the compost of, reminder of the clay in the brickyards of Egypt; and, most important of all, the year-old lamb. One of them carries the lamb on his shoulders, the sacrificial knife sticking in its fleece or tied to its horns. At two o'clock in the afternoon, at sound of trumpet-blast, with all others who had been similarly commissioned, they went into the inner court of the temple. At three blasts, they, with thousands of others, struck the death-blow to their victim while the priest caught the blood in a golden vessel, and passed it up to the high altar. As the disciples held the lamb upon a stick that rested upon their shoulders, it was quickly flayed. The parts devoted to God were separated; then, wrapping the victim in its own skin, they started for the house where they were to celebrate the feast. The carcass, trussed upon skewers of pomegranate in shape of a cross, was baked in the household oven.

At sundown, Jesus, with the Ten, approached the city, knowing well where He would find the waiting disciples and the supper-room. They enter, and the Master views the preparations with evident satisfaction. The three first stars are shining now, and the silver trumpets signal the feast to begin. Shame, shame! The unseemly dispute as to precedence breaks out once more as the disciples scramble for the most eligible places. Jesus rebukes them in an acted parable, performing for them the menial task of a scullery drudge. Now the paschal banquet begins. The ritual is used, the rubrics observed. The cup is passed with thanksgiving. Bitter herbs, dipped in vinegar, are eaten in remembrance of Egypt. The unleavened bread, with a bit of the roasted lamb upon it, is taken by each. Another cup is passed. There is the customary hand-washing. Jesus, as the symposiarch, discourses upon the significance of the feast. They break out in the joyous singing of the first part of the Hallel. (Psa. cxii-cxiv.) The third and last cup goes from hand to hand, and then they sing the second part of the Hallel. (Psa. cxv-cxviii.)

At times through the feast, Jesus gives intimations, increasingly distinct, of His betrayal and betrayer. He suffers not His manner toward Judas to change. He probably let him take the chief place at the table. He certainly washed his feet, and gave him his portion with His own hand. But the devil was in his heart, and the thirty pieces in his scrip. An incubus was lifted when the apostate left the table. All that remained of the paschal ritual was the blessing of praise with which it was always closed. They were all expecting it. The innovation could not but be noticed by those who had followed one programme annually from the time when they were ten years old. Instead of lifting His hand in benediction, Jesus reached over to the dish of unleavened bread upon the table, and, taking up a piece, He rose from the mat, and blessed it, and, as He passed from one to another, He broke it, giving each a morsel, saying, 'Take, eat this is My body.' Then He filled a cup, and, again giving thanks, and passing it from one to another, He said, 'This is My blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' Then followed His words of institution, 'This do in remembrance of Me.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

ANAYLSIS AND KEY.

I. Jesus' fidelity to form of religion.
Question not 'would He eat the Passover?' but only where He would eat it. Example for present day. Face and form of religion to be maintained.
II. Passover scene and ceremony described. Use and significance.
III. Evolution of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Circumstance, use, and significance.

The anachronism of Leonardo da Vinci's lovely and justly famous fresco of the Last Supper is obvious. He represents Jesus and the Twelve sitting, in Occidental style, at a modern extension table. They did not sit at all, but reclined. It was this reclining which made it easy and natural for John to lay his head in Jesus' bosom, and for Peter and John to hold their 'soto voce' conversation without the traitor's observing them.

* * * *

Perhaps we emphasize disproportionately the sadness of the Last Supper. Jesus, as host, would not allow the occasion to wholly lose its festive character. It was a goodly scene that the well-trimmed lamps shone down upon. The fresh turbans of blue, crimson, and yellow, the animated faces, the table covered with damask and well supplied, make a study to delight a painter. The feast extended over several hours, and only the somber incidents are recorded. There must have been much joyous converse as well.

* * * *

The presence of Judas was the one ugly spot in the feast of love. Jesus, without openly criminating him before the company, plainly announced that one of the Twelve would betray Him. He did this for their sakes, that they might know He was perfectly aware of His impending fate, and, not being at all surprised, voluntarily submitted to it. He did it for Judas' sake. It was His last appeal to the traitor. He gave Judas the chief place at the table, washed his feet, gave him his portion with His own hand, lovingly let him know he read his wicked heart, and only when it was clearly of no avail, He bade him do quickly his wicked deed.

* * * *

No question but that this upper room, forever endeared to the hearts of the apostles (and probably the property of a disciple), witnessed the appearance of the risen Christ in their midst, and of the Pentecostal effusions of the Holy Spirit. If so, it was the very cradle of the infant Church.

* * * *

The various names by which the Lord's Supper is known are in themselves very significant. It is the Eucharist, meaning our 'good thanks' for the Lamb that was slain; it is the sacrament (sacramentum), our holy pledge of fealty to our Divine Leader; it is the communion (communis), sign of the intercourse and agreement we have with God and each other.

* * * *

The believer should be always ready to commune, as he is supposed to be always ready to pray. But this does not render special preparation undesirable; for the communicant finds in the sacrament what he brings to it, no more and no less. Jesus is present in the ordinance only to the thought and feeling of the communicant; present only as His suffering and death are realized by faith.

* * * *

To ask and to take the solemn tokens of redemption is to confess before the world the Church faith in the great fact.

* * * *

At the table of the Lord's Supper man and God meet—man with his highest aspirations, God with His richest gifts.

* * * *

Incidentally the communion is a pledge of the reunion of Jesus and all His disciples. He said He would eat no more of the bread nor drink of the cup until the kingdom should come. Then he will visibly banquet with us all in the kingdom of His Father, according to His promise.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 4.—Topic—The blessedness of communion with Christ. John xiv., 15-26. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

WHAT GOD SEES.

Monday, October 28.—The Lord looketh. Ps. xxxiii., 13, 14.

Tuesday, October 30.—He sees our ways. Job. xxxiv., 21.

Wednesday, October 31.—The evil and the good. Prov xv., 3.

Thursday, November 1.—We cannot hide from Him. Jer. xxiii., 23, 24.

Friday, November 2.—He sees everything. Job. xxviii., 24.

Saturday, November 3.—He sees the nations. Ps. lxvi., 7.

Sunday, November 4.—Topic——What God sees. II. Chron. xvi., 9. (Consecration meeting).

Whiskey.

(By David Sillar.)

'Poets, wi' muckle wit an' skill,
Hae sung the virtues o' Scots yill;
An' wi' the worth o' Highlan' gill
Our ears hae rung—
The bad effects o' whiskey, still
Remain unsung.'

'I'm sair surprised how whisky poison
Frae men o' sense has got sic praisin';
They might hae sung, wi' greater reason,
Gude caller water,
Which cheaper is in ony season,
An' slockens better.

'Hail! caller burn! chief o' Scots drink!
To purchase thee we need nae clink;
Just lout out owre a burnie's brink,
An' tak' our fill;
'Twill neither mak' us glow'r nor wink,
Like whiskey gill.

'The whiskey trade—deil cares wha had it—
My curse on him at first wha made it;
May't doubly light on those wha spread it,
An' drinking cherish;
Lord toom their pouch, an' clip their credit,
For fear we perish.

'It tak's the best bits o' the fiel';
It robs our markets o' gude meal;
It aftimes mak's the simple chiel
Baith fa' an' swagger;
And turns him aft a ne'er-do-well,
Or randy beggar.

'It mither is o' much offence;
It borders aye on some mischance;
It leads poor mortals aft a dance,
Shame to be seen! !
Then leaves them in a drunken trance,
Fyled to the een.

'I've seen chiefs aftimes in the daffin,
Sit doun to tak' a social chappin,
But ere they rose, with their gif-gaffin,
Hae bred a brulzie,
Was like to en' their mirth an' laughin'
In bitter tulzie.

'Wha-ever at their wark wad thrive
Sud a' wi' anither strive
To keep a sense o' shame alive,
Within their sphere,
An' no let whiskey-drinkin' drive
Them to despair.

'I speak na' this like frantic fools,
Or children o' the prophet's schools
What at this wark are merely tools
Without reflection;
I point out facts, an' nature's rules
Gie me direction.

'But no to mak' mae words about it,
Those wha believe it not may doubt it,
An' booze til lance they're fairly goutet,
An' then they'll ken
If they, or those wha live without it,
Are wisest men.'

A Wonderful Experience.

Aleck Martin went early in life to sea, and followed that calling for a good many years. Like many other young thoughtless fellows, he lived a wild, careless life, passing through many exciting scenes, having been shipwrecked more than once.

But the life at sea was brought to a sudden close. He fell into the hold of a vessel, and injured his spine, so that he was never able again to walk without crutches. To such a man this must have been a great trial, for he was very energetic and active. He was also very violent in his temper, and used to give way to terrible outbursts of rage when ever anything displeased him.

He was brought home to his native place, and here he moved about on his crutches as he best could, wasting among some of his old cronies the small weekly pension awarded to him. The dramshop had a special attraction for him; he knew he would find those ready to treat him to a dram; and he was ever ready to return to fire off a coarse joke, garnished with foul oaths.

Occasionally, when excited by drink, the talk became fast and furious, and serious quarrels took place, with the result that some of these dram-drinkers would fall into the hands of the police. In one year Aleck Martin spent one hundred and forty days in gaol. At that time he felt this no disgrace, nor did his other dram-drinking friends feel that it was any degradation.

This was the kind of life Aleck once lived. He was a filthy object to look at, living in a dark cellar, where at night he lay down on some straw like a wild beast. Though he was married, he behaved with such cruelty to his wife that it was not safe for her to live with him.

One day a gentleman, who had fitted up a room in order to hold meetings for prayer in connection with gospel and temperance addresses, opened the door of Aleck's cellar, and groping his way in the dark, said: 'Is there any one here?' and a voice answered, 'Yes.' The visitor invited him to come to the prayer meeting, which was quite near.

'I am not in a fit state to go to any meeting; look what a condition I am in,' said Aleck, referring to his rags and filth.

'Come just as you are, Aleck; this meeting is just for those who have not good clothes, and we shall be delighted to see you.'

Thus encouraged he came and listened the first time to an address on temperance. On the Sunday evening he came again, and there he listened to the glorious gospel. So after he had attended the temperance meetings and the Sunday meetings for about a month, the gentleman proposed that he should take the pledge, to which he replied he would 'not do it then, but would like a week to consider about it.'

A new light dawned upon Aleck's life; a new world opened up to him, and from that time he became a regular attendant at the Sabbath meeting, as well as the temperance meeting. Gradually he grew in the knowledge of Divine things; and at more than fifty years of age, and far advanced in sin, the old drunkard, the swearer, the blasphemer became one of the family of God.

Very soon after the change passed upon him, he and his wife lived together again; and he used to say that the fault of their living separate was all his; that she had always been a quiet, respectable and industrious woman. He began, too, to try to influence his old companions for good. He succeeded in persuading a number to abandon drink entirely, and to seek forgiveness through the death of our Lord Jesus Christ.—'Friendly Greetings.'

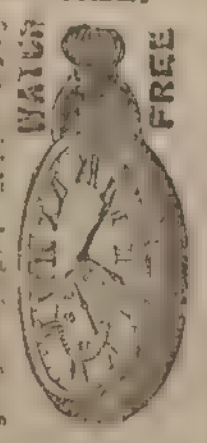
Total abstinence is a radical principle; it is going to the bottom; building deep; digging through the sands of expediency, and building on the rock of eternal truth.—Elihu Burritt.

BOY'S WATCH FREE.

We give this fine Watch free to any boy who sells 24 copies of the ... weekly ... 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' ... (with a ... coupon in each.

The Watch has a ... vessel ... accurate ... reliable ... Will ... with ... for ... years.

The 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' is sure to sell like wildfire. Will delight everyone. Costs about ... Next ... will be better. Order at once.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for the Canadian Pictorial, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Cost of a 'Plain Drunk.'

The following graduation of penalties for a 'plain drunk' seems to indicate that higher civilization is more tolerant of intoxication than benighted communities or communities so considered.

In this country, $2 and costs.

In Persia, eighty lashes on the soles of the feet.

In Turkey, the bastinado to a more severe extent.

In Albania, death.

In the three latter instances the extreme penalty is given above. Before the officials give a man up as confirmed in his cups they lecture him. In Persia they put him on the blacklist first, and forbid him the bazaars, except in certain hours, and then under police supervision, and also places of amusement and worship.

In Turkey the offender receives an admonition and is fined for the first offence, and the bastinado is applied afterwards if the crime be repeated

Among the mountaineers of Albania and Montenegro drunkenness is regarded as a political offence, and for that reason is considered more serious than if it were a moral one.

Among the mountaineers fighting and drinking are not considered to go together, and to be able to fight is the first duty of a citizen. Therefore the drunkard is harshly dealt with. At first they try moral suasion with the festive tippler; but when that fails and he persists in making the mountain-peaks ring to his Montenegrin substitute for 'We don't go home till morning,' he is declared to be a danger and a disgrace to his tribe and his country, and is quietly assassinated by order of the local chief.—The 'National Advocate.'

Take Heed.

Over two millions of the best positions in the United States are closed to men who drink. In the centres of business men who are placed in positions of trust must be bonded by bonding companies, and not by their friends. One of the main questions that a bonding company asks of one to be bonded is 'Do you drink intoxicating liquors?' and they will not bond one who is given to drink.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company not only insists on its men being sober but insists on their keeping out of the way of temptation. On one division the trainmen were given orders not to stop over night at the end of their division at a hotel that had a bar. The hotel near the depot closed the bar because they preferred the patronage of the railroad without drink rather than to lose this patronage and retain the sale of drink.

In Cincinnati a railroad employee lived next door to a saloon. He was much surprised one morning to get a notice from headquarters to change his place of residence or give up his position with the railroad. The only explanation given was that the railroad company did not care for any of its employees to be so closely associated with any saloon.—'National Advocate.'

The Methodist General Conference.

The first number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' contains a fine, full-page, flash-light picture of the Ministers at the recent General Conference in Montreal, which would be welcomed in every Methodist home in Canada. It must be seen to be appreciated. Buy this copy from your newsdealer—price ten cents—or, if your agent has not yet laid in a supply, it will be sent post paid by the publishers for the rest of the year for only twenty cents, or for ten cents with the coupon elsewhere in this issue. Each number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will cost on an average $1,000, and contain one thousand square inches of pictures.

As the October edition is rapidly being exhausted, orders should be sent in at once to prevent disappointment.

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter St., Montreal, or John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents.

HOUSEHOLD.

If we Would.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's name;
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be rightened
If we would but see the way,
Ah, the pain that might be lightened
Every hour of every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray!

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride,
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to walk in duty's pathway
To the better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink with soul's appeal
With a timid, 'If we could.'
But the God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, 'If we would.'

—'Christian Globe.'

The Farm and the Young People.

The absence of the young people strikes one painfully in a farming community. Family after family loses its boys and girls as soon as they grow up, and the parents seem to regard this state of things as natural and to be expected.

Perhaps a century, or even a half century ago there was reason for this at first sight somewhat selfish proceeding on the part of the young people. Implements were few and hand labor heavy and slow of accomplishment. There was little to be made from the farm, beyond a bare living. The girls had no source of income, and went away to teach. The fathers encouraged the sons to go west, where they could have a better chance. Life was a wearing struggle to make both ends meet and pay off the mortgage, which was a sort of octopus, destroying all within reach.

Conditions are different to-day. Farm implements reduce the necessity for hiring numbers of men for the wife to lodge and feed. Milk is sent to the nearest creamery, and churning is no longer done at home. Supplies of food are more easily obtained and the endless drying of fruit and putting away of vegetables has largely ceased. Washing machines, sewing machines and kitchen ranges, lighten the burdens of the housewife. Comforts are better known; the feather bed has disappeared, the window screen is in place, the dining room is commonly used, the parlor no longer sacredly shut up. Farms are nearer together and nearer town, and families are not so isolated.

Even the attitude of the outsider toward the farm has altered. The recent revival of country life for city people is significant. Numbers of people are moving from the heat and confusion of the city multitude to the spots where quiet remains. Abandoned farms are being reclaimed and made delightful homes. Living in a remote district is no longer regarded as a frightful fate, but rather a condition of happiness.

In spite of all this, young people on the farm are slow to see that they neither need to go away for a living or to find something of interest to do. They still regard the farm with something of the traditional idea of its dullness and narrowness; but it is all a mistake. The boy who goes to college need not prepare himself for a life altogether separate from his natural surroundings. He may take a course in agriculture which will open his eyes to new methods, the enriching of the soil chemically, the adapting of crops to locality and climate, the setting out of trees and raising improved products, and come back inspired to have the model farm, with well-painted buildings, new implements and attractive surroundings, and some specialty of stock, or chickens, or fruit, which will make the old place famous. There are many farms to-day transformed from all that was careless, rundown and poverty-stricken into smart beautiful and valuable places, by the fresh enterprise of the farmer's son.

Why should the farmer not dress and live like other people? Why should he sink into an early middle age of indifference and discouragement? Why should he not be in his own way what is called in England a 'gentleman farmer?' Many a college man to-day sees that the storm and stress of business has little to offer him beyond eternal routine and clerkly pay, and is choosing life on the farm, with its busy, interesting summers, restful winters and splendid opportunities of development. The new vitality put into the old places by such young men gives results which far surpass expectation.

Girls, too, are beginning to think that farm life need not be the wearisome round their mothers found it. They recognize that country life has much to offer that is charming. Given a year or two at school or college to widen the outlook, they come back aglow with zeal for making the farm the most attractive place to be found anywhere. They brighten up the old house with a little paint within and without; they re-cover the furniture with clever fingers; they put the new magazines on the table and stop respectfully over the old rag carpets which fashion has declared beautiful. They find all sorts of interesting things to do. Perhaps they raise and sell flowers, or they find pin money in a mushroom bed, or violets in a cold-frame, or they discover that fancy eggs are marketable.

Interesting occupations and amusements fill up the quiet days. They start a little club, they take trips to the nearest town, they are not afraid to invite their friends to visit them, for they understand that with straw rides, and picnics, and apple picking and nutting, entertainment will never be lacking.

The new generation is learning—slowly, perhaps, but surely. One of these days the exodus to the city will cease, and farm life will be, if not all daisies and moonlight nights and strawberries and cream, as one might wish, yet so full of charm and interest, that the young people will love it and seek it.—Caroline Benedict Burrell, in the 'Congregationalist.'

FINE FLAGS FREE.

A premium you seldom get. Best Wool Bunting, will wear for years. For particulars apply to

FLAG DEPARTMENT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'Witness Block,' Montreal.

REMEMBER!

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is practically an Art publication at newspaper price.

The ink alone in the 'Canadian Pictorial' costs many times as much as does the 'Messenger' ink. So with the paper—and the printing processes are all the most expensive.

You can get the 'Canadian Pictorial' with the 'Messenger' for 75 cents—only for a limited time, however, and only one at that price.

If you are getting your 'Messenger' through a club, you can have the 'Canadian Pictorial' by using the 50 cent coupon in this number.

The Dollar rate for the 'Canadian Pictorial' includes postage all over the world.

For the Busy Mother.

CHILD'S BOX COAT WITH COLLAR.—NO. 1090.

One of the most necessary garments of the small girl's wardrobe is a coat for cool days. A charming little coat can be made from this design, of blue cloth with collar and cuffs of a pretty shade of tan and rows of stitching. White linen and embroidery also make a very dainty coat to be worn with thin dresses. This coat is made in loose effect, has two pockets, which may be omitted, and is closed with pearl or fancy buttons as desired. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Two yards of material, 44 inches wide, are required for the eight-year-old size.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full ....

.. ..

.. ..

.. ..

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

Our Children.

No season in the year is more appropriate for the consideration of the welfare of our children than the season of Thanksgiving. Our homes exist largely for the culture and up-bringing of the dear children. On their training, and especially on their early nurture, must depend not alone their individual future, but the future of the nation. Many parents make the mistake of supposing that the earliest years are not the

most important. 'It does not matter,' a man said the other day, 'what sort of influences surround children when they are babies, but when they are ten and twelve years old they need refined associations and well-bred people about them.'

Never could there be a greater mistake than this. A child's habits are formed almost in infancy, and the trend for life is often given by the time a little one is six years old.

As the children are gathered around the table as they go about the home, shall we not, specially thanking God for them, do our very best to bring them up for Him. It is their right to be early included in the membership of the church; once there they are not to be neglected, but to be trained in such a way that they may become Christ's own, His disciples, His servants, His workers in the world.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Selected Recipes.

'Poisson a la Dolgorucki' is a Russian recipe for the cooking of a fish that is very

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 YONGE ST., TORONTO

"Canada's Greatest Piano and Organ House."

Our Mail-Order Service

Our carefully organized Mail-Order Department handles an ever-increasing business—a business that is not confined within the boundaries of Canada, but finds satisfied customers as far away as China or South Africa.

A brief summary, therefore, of our method of handling this business should not be out of place.

We furnish catalogues post-paid free upon application. We quote the closest figures, and explain our terms of payment, perhaps make some suggestions re selection, all by mail bear in mind.

The customer reads our letter, examines our catalogue, prices and terms, and writes us his or her decision as to which piano or organ is to be shipped on approbation. Then we ship.

Now! we ask the public, that is the public who live at a distance away from Toronto, to remember the following points in our business:

We place our expert knowledge (the knowledge and training of a lifetime) at the command of the buyer, and stake our honor and future business success on having the buyer satisfied.

Every instrument is guaranteed for a term of years.

We always ship subject to approval and pay return freight if not fully satisfactory.

We grant such liberal terms of payment that anyone even in moderate circumstances may purchase an instrument.

We afford to customers the opportunity of trying the instrument in his or her own home instead of in a crowded wareroom.

That as well as being the manufacturers of the

GOURLAY PIANOS

we offer our customers their choice of many other well-known instruments, among which are:

Knabe Pianos
Mendelssohn Pianos
R. S. Howard Pianos
Estey Organs
Sherlock and Manning Organs
Bilhorn Portable Organs
Empress Pianos
Knabe-Angelus Player-Pianos
Emerson-Angelus Player-Pianos
Angelus Piano-Players
Mira Music Boxes and **Victor Talking Machines**

A card of enquiry will bring by return mail full particulars about either piano, organ, piano-player, music box or talking machine. Our mail-order service is both prompt and reliable. Will you not try it?

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

similar to our white fish. In Russia a spit is used and the fish is roasted upon it, being basted with bacon fat as it is slowly turned. In America, however, where the spit is not in common use, the cooking may be transferred to the oven, the bacon fat still being used in basting it. When the color of the skin indicates that it is done take a saucepan and in it prepare a mixture of good stock thickened with flour and green peppers, both cut into small pieces, and such other seasoning with pepper and salt as taste may suggest. Stir the sauce as it is thickening, and when it has been cooked pour it upon a hot platter, and lay the fish carefully upon it.

TOMATO SOUP.—Put one can of tomatoes in a saucepan and cook a few minutes. Heat four cups of milk in a double boiler. Melt a rounding tablespoon of butter in a saucepan and add one rounding tablespoon of flour. When smooth pour on a little of the hot milk and then turn all together and cook for ten minutes. Season with half a level teaspoon of salt, a few grains of pepper and ten drops of onion juice. Strain the tomatoes and add the juice and pulp, which should be entirely free from seeds, and heat. Add a pinch of soda. Just before serving mix the two hot mixtures. Stir well and serve at once. This soup will be likely to curdle if allowed to stand long or if cooled and heated again.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Trim the meat from a pair of roasted chickens after having made a dinner from them; put the bones on with a quart of cold water, an onion and parsley and stew for an hour and a half, when it should be reduced to one pint. Chop the meat fine, wet with the gravy, if any, and one-third as much bread crumbs or cold boiled rice, season to taste and mix with a beaten egg. If there was no giblet gravy left from the day before, use any kind of stock or gravy; failing any of these, cream or milk to moisten the crumbs and meat. Make a thin batter with two eggs, a gill of milk and prepared flour, and having made up the mince into tiny balls, dip them in the batter and fry in boiling dripping. Pile them on a dish and pour around them the gravy made from the bones which has been strained, thickened and seasoned.

CREAM OMELETTE.—Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately until very light. To the yolk add two tablespoonfuls of rich cream; add salt and then the stiff whites. Heat and butter the omelette pan and when very hot, pour in the omelette. Stir frequently, as it thickens in the bottom, and dip out the thickened portions by spoonfuls and lay on slices of bread that have been toasted, dipped quickly in hot water, buttered, neatly aranged on a hot platter, and the whole kept hot in the oven, for not over one minute—for the omelette must be served immediately. Twelve eggs with proportionate cream makes a notable omelette.

Religious Notes.

A writer in the 'Baptist Missionary Magazine,' urging the attention of business men to missionary enterprise if only from a purely financial concern, instances the remarkable growth of American commerce with Hawaii as an example of the way in which 'trade follows the missionary.' When our missionaries arrived there in 1820, the people were only one stage above the brute. At the end of twenty years their business with the United States, as shown by the tables which I studied recently in the Boston Chamber of Commerce, were as follows: Imports $227,000; exports $67,000; a total trade with the Islands of $294,000. The United States Government has furnished the figures for the year ending June 30, 1905: Shipments from the United States to Hawaii, $11,643,519; from Hawaii to the United States, $36,068,109; total, $47,712,628.

After hearing much of the dissatisfaction with English rule, and things western in general throughout India, it is pleasant to read of the high estimation in which the governing country is held by some of India's educated sons. The good of the mission work is inextricably bound up with the state of thought in the country, and such an attitude as the following, expressed in the 'Indian Ladies Magazine,' speaks of bright prospects: India is now undergoing a rapid metamorphosis. Everything is giving way before Western civilization and influence. This cannot be helped. It is just as impossible to stop the waves of the sea as it is to prevent the changes that are coming over the country. India has very little of her old civilization left. But Providence has been very gracious to us. Who does not see the working of His eternal laws in the history of our country? Here are England and India knit together by an indissoluble bond. And this is the very thing India wanted—strength and support of a country able to raise it from the sad depths to which it has fallen. The same relation that exists between a father and child exists between England and India. There was a time when Europe had to learn from Asia, and it is now Asia's turn to sit at the feet of Europe. Now that India and England have been brought into so close a contact, is it not our duty to make the very best use of this happy union?

News from the mission fields in Africa has been of rather a serious nature. It was inevitable that the native uprisings should have affected largely the missionary's labor, but rather unexpected that the disaffection should have spread even into the Christian churches. The 'Missionary Herald' speaks from reports direct from the mission stations: 'The native tribes have been greatly excited in view of the local conflicts which have occurred, and the spirit of revolt has not been checked by the defeats which Bambaata and other revolting chieftains have sustained. . . . The most serious feature of the affair has been the fact that in a few places some of the Christian Zulus have been inveigled into treasonable acts and have joined the forces of the rebellion. Serious though these troubles are, and causing much anxiety to our brethren, they do not apprehend any increase in the defection.'

Mr. Montagu Beauchamp, B.A., writing in 'China's Millions,' the organ of the China Inland Mission, is yet another voice for the needs of China. Although the motives that have led to their attitude of eagerness for the Bible and Christian teaching, are mixed, what a glorious opportunity is described in the following:

Two men came from a mountain village to seek for an instructor. A large house had been given; all Scriptures that came within their reach had been eagerly bought up. The nearest mission station was six days distant. Here they sought help, but alas, in vain. They went on travelling twenty days, and after appealing to three different societies represented in Chung-king, their search was still in vain. I met these two men, and felt compelled against my will to go and help them. But on my way to their place I was detained in a large city. Those who were interested would not hear of my leaving without opening a mission station in their city first. They provided a good house, made me their guest, and were ready to do everything for me—bookselling, house-furnishing and lighting—if I would only preach and teach. This I gladly did for a month, morning, noon and night. Before I could get through to my 'mountain village,' deputations had come from other places anxious to carry me off for the same work in their parts.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

A CHANCE LOST.

A chance once lost seldom returns, and when the last number of the October 'Canadian Pictorial' is sold, a good many people will say to themselves 'Why didn't I mail that coupon in time?' Why didn't they, indeed? Are you sure yours is mailed now? If not, cut out coupon from this issue and send it along.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Rest.

(Katharine Lee Bates, in the 'Standard.')

The banners of the sunset are too bright,
Fairer the after-hour.
When all the sky is flushed by fainter light
To a mysterious flower.
These robin troubadours are shrill as pain.
Sweeter the vespers where
Some thistle-bird lets slip a drowsy strain,
Soft as a baby's prayer.

The mighty bards we will not read to-night.
Their passionate desire
Would put the brooding wings of peace to flight,
Wake the tormenting fire.
A quiet poem in a household voice.
A child to nestle by.
We would not suffer now, would not rejoice,
But taste tranquillity.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Cancerol has the Confidence of the People.

A record of successful cures of people from every part of the Union and in every situation about the body contained in a valuable free book which will be sent to those interested. Write to-day. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 88, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance).

Single Copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyrus, also to the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hiawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands.

Postage extra to all countries not named in the above list.

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Any school that does not take "The Messenger," may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

We Love Pictures. You Love Pictures. They Love Pictures.

And all lovers of pictures should secure the first issue of the

Canadian Pictorial

TEN CENTS A COPY. Twenty cents to end of the year. $1.00 to the end of 1907.

One,

in St. John, N.B. sees a copy of the Canadian Pictorial,' and immediately sits down and writes the following letter:—

Oct 8/06

Editor
Canadian Pictorial

Enclosed please find my subscription. The first number I have just received and am pleased and delighted with it. You have struck the right note for a Canadian publication in tone, sentiment and make up. Success to you.

Yours truly
S. H. Burbidge

Another,

in London, Ont., an agent sends for a dozen copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' They sell like hot cakes at ten cents a copy. But let his letter speak for itself;—

Dear Sir
Papers to hand and sold readily at sight. Everyone delighted including myself. Enclosed please find $1.20 for same, and please send another dozen at once. I think I can place more than that

Yours faithfully
Arthur Robins

Still Another,

in Leamington, Ont., writes in acknowledgment of first copy:—

My copy came today and I am highly pleased with it. You are filling a long felt want

Respectfully
Rev J. J. Haycock

Others, by Thousands,

are doing likewise, and they are wise, too. Are you getting the 'Canadian Pictorial' for yourself, or selling it to others? The premiums and commissions are well worth working for.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO.,

142 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL, CAN.

SPECIAL TO 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS

With regard to the above announcement the publishers have made arrangements by which our readers can obtain the new paper, **at great sacrifice for introduction purposes,** as follows:

	Regular Rate Per annum
The 'Canadian Pictorial'	**$1.00**
The 'Northern Messenger'	**.40**
	$1.40

Both for one year for only 75 cents.

For those whose subscriptions to the 'Messenger' do not expire till the end of the year, a very special **trial rate** of ten cents has been arranged—and for other 'Messenger' subscribers who wish to subscribe for the 'Canadian Pictorial' separately for a year, a very special **Annual Rate** of fifty cents has been arranged. These special rates have been made for purposes of introduction and involve great sacrifice, and to take advantage of them the adjoining coupons must be used.

☞ Subscribers who do not care to take advantage of the coupons for themselves, may hand them to a friend, but in that case the coupon must bear the subscriber's name written across the back as the rate is only available in the name of a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger.'

Remit at once and secure the first issue—**GOING FAST.**

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Agents for The 'Canadian Pictorial.'

TEN CENT **TRIAL** OFFER

Coupon Department N.M.
For use of 'Messenger' readers only.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find Ten Cents for which send the new Illustrated Monthly 'The Canadian Pictorial' to the end of 1906.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Date.....

FIFTY CENT **FIRST YEAR** OFFER

N.M. This Coupon with 50 Cents does the work of a Dollar Bill.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs.—Enclosed please find Fifty Cents, for which please send me 'The Canadian Pictorial' for 1907, including the rest of this year free.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Date.....

N.B.—This coupon valid only when remitted direct or endorsed by a bonafide 'Messenger' subscriber.

N.B.—These special club and trial offers ARE NOT AVAILABLE for Montreal and Suburbs, but are good for almost all the rest of the English speaking world. See postal regulations on page 15.